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SPIRIT L. JUDD PARDEE, Editor-in-Chief.

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LITERARY.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

LINES.

THROUGH TRYPHENA O. PARDEE.

[Last evening, I received the news of the death of my late husband's oldest sister, Mrs. POLLY STARLING, which occurred the 31st ult., (her birthday,) aged 72, at St. Johnsville, Montgomery Co., N. Y. This day, Wednesday, June 4th, ten o'clock, A. M., the time appointed for her funeral services, I sat down to pen the lines in writing on the occasion, and received the following:]

OUR dear sister Polly has gone home!
Gone is our sister from duties of earth—
Duties well done through long years of fond love;
Rest is the veil for her heavenly birth—
Rest for the weary in mansions above.

Pure is the fountain of gentlest words,
Blessing us still from her beautiful life;
Tearful we bow, while our hearts' tender cords,
Broken and lonely, feel that God's will is right.

Sweetly she rises away to the skies,
Welcomed by loved ones awaiting her there;
Anthems of glory enchantingly rise,
Echoing "Love" for her everywhere.

Calm are the zephyrs that flit round her brow,
Balmy the breezes from fresh, fragrant flowers
Play on her cheek, awakening now
Life that is deathless in heaven's bright bowers.

Songs from her own heart outgushing anew
From its indwelling depths float on the air,
Wondering that glories like this she ne'er knew,
Only by faith, which so little laid bare.

Turning on feathery steps, now she comes,
Ministering angel with blessings most rare—
Bending o'er dear ones left grieving at home—
"Union in Heaven" her whispers declare.

Painer than words, her Spiritual breath
Weaves round our hearts rich garlands of peace,
Bringing its joys from her home beyond death,
Quickened immortal by God's endless grace.

Welcome, dear sister, thy heavenly love,
Knowing life's sands slide noiselessly down!

Call us!—We'll follow thy voice from above,
Guided by gleams from thy Life-Jewelled crown.

Fleeting the moments that bear us along,
Shortening the pathway that leads to thy door;
Folded in twilight we list for the song
Chanted tomorrow from Life evermore.

ELLINGTON, N. Y., June 4, 1879.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

MESSAGE FROM ROBERT HARE TO DR. FAHNESTOCK.

[THROUGH DR. O., CONTINUED.]

MAN'S RELATION TO HIS CREATOR.

DEAR DOCTOR,—A knowledge of man's relations to his Creator would, at first sight, appear to be possessed by all who have had the advantages of what is called a Christian education, even before they leave your world; but, unfortunately for the race, this is far from being the fact. Man, with all his boasted knowledge, is in relation to this subject less informed than a large portion of the lower animals. This truth will appear plain, when it is recollected that man's entire educational training aims at magnifying his selfhood into the condition of a semi-deity. He is taught that he is of so much importance that all else has been created for his especial use and advantage—sun, moon and stars not excepted. Now, the result of all this produces in his mind in the course of time a conviction that he is the "arbiter of his own fortune"—that everything proceeds from his own wisdom, his own foresight or prudence; and the providences of Deity in relation to himself are left out of the account altogether. In this state he lives, and in this state he dies.

When he enters the Spirit-world, he finds that all his life has been ordered by Omnipotence, whose providences have been so particular that even his very "hairs have been numbered," and after the study of himself and his relations to his neighbor, this thought becomes the all-absorbing one of his meditations, a *sine qua non* to further progression. He discovers that he has only been a receptacle for good and for truth, and not the originator of either; that every good aspiration, every pure resolve was received direct from heaven, and that he could claim no credit for any meritorious acts, inas-

much as all such acts were from above. He will recognize the beneficent hand of Deity, alike in the aroma of the flower, the warbling of a bird, or the convulsive throes of the earthquake. He will recognize that Infinite Wisdom does all things not only well, but just as they should be.

This, then, is his last great lesson, so far as regards those lessons which should have been learned during his earth-life; and now, having learned it, he is done with earth as far as he himself is concerned; his connection with his earth-born fellows is henceforth for their benefit, not his own. Having attained this progressed condition, he drops the last vestige of earth-life and enters upon a pure Spiritual existence.

ROBT HARE.

CIVILIZATION:

MESSAGE NUMBER TWENTY-FOUR.

SPOKEN AT ATLANTA, GA., APRIL 10, 1879, BY CONFUCIUS, THROUGH J. M. A.

[Silent letters rejected, but otherwise the spelling is mostly after the common fashion.]

EVERY step counts. Our strength increases. We are disposed to make short work of this chapter, and to open up a new chapter speedily.

There is much to be done, and but few workers visible on the mortal plane, hereabouts. There are immense multitudes, however, just above, ready at a moment's call to minister to the demands of the hour.

We are pleased to greet the brother who has just arrived, inasmuch as the "battery" which he carries, in its conjunction with the battery already established here, may increase and intensify the influence being exerted for the elevation, spiritualization, education of the people.

We want, as soon as possible, a union to be effected between certain hands and hearts in this country; to the end that the Spirit-world and earth-world may come into their proper practical relations with each other. Estranged too long, separated by the chemistry of death—and the stronger, intenser chemistry of ignorance and superstition—the time has nevertheless come, when the seals must and shall drop from the eyes of many of the people; that they may see no longer as

"thro a glass, darkly, but fac to fac," the eternal truths of Nature and of Nature's God.

Emancipation from ignorance and depravity, from every species of bondage that can affect the muscle or mind, is the watchword of the our:—*liberty* to be men and women in the fullest sense of the term;—*liberty* to pursue happiness by all just and peaceable methods. Secure this boon, oh, ye immortal host, conjointly with the noble souls that are striving and struggling in the midst of the discords and tempests, hate and wrangling, intolerance and self-righteousness of "Christian civilization."

It is true there are many difficulties in the way of the pursuit and accomplishment of the object in view; but what are difficulties, that we should stand agast, or hesitate to go forward? The truth must be known; and the grandest, most significant and important truth that has ever been brought to the notice of man is the law of Immortality and the fact of Spirit-return—laden with power to deliver man from the higher standpoint of Divine Justice.

So, go on, go on! oh, ye who love the race! We pledge you our word that however large the force brought to bear in opposition to the truth, there is, there shall be a mightier power introduced to stem the tide, to counteract the machinations of evil-disposed creatures, of tyrannical and oppressive institutions and systems.

I beg to ask you, therefore, just here, to remember that we are encouraged, and that you may well afford also to be encouraged. But expect not that the work of a century can be accomplished in a moment.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

CELERY FOR RHEUMATISM.

New discoveries—or what claim to be discoveries—of the healing virtues of plants, are continually making. One of the latest is, that celery is a cure for rheumatism; indeed it is asserted, that the disease is impossible, if the vegetable be cooked and freely eaten. The fact that it is almost always put on the table raw, prevents its therapeutic powers from becoming known. The celery should be cut into bits, boiled in water until soft, and the water drunk by the patient. Put new milk, with a little flour and nutmeg, into a saucepan with the boiled celery, serve it warm on pieces of toast, eat it with potatoes, and the painful ailment will soon yield. Such is the declaration of a physician, who has again and again tried the experiment with uniform success. He adds, that cold or damp never produces but develops the disease, of which acid blood is the primary and sustaining cause, and that while the blood is alkaline, there can be neither rheumatism nor gout. English statistics show, that in one year, 1876, 3,640 persons died of rheumatism, and every case it claimed might have been cured or prevented, by the adoption of the remedy mentioned. At least two-thirds of the cases named heart disease, are ascribed to rheumatism and its agonizing ally, gout. Small-pox, so much dreaded, is not so destructive as rheumatism, which, it is maintained by many physicians,

can be prevented by obeying nature's laws in diet. But if you have incurred it, boiled celery is pronounced unhesitatingly to be a specific.—*New Hampshire Times*.

HINTS ABOUT WATER.

NO WATER that has stood in open vessels during the night should be used for drinking or cooking. By exposure to the air it has lost its "aeration," and has absorbed germs from the apartment. If convenience requires water to be kept in vessels for several hours before use, it should be covered, unless the vessel is tight. Whenever practical, all distributing reservoirs should be covered. Filtering always adds to the purity of water. Drinking water should not be taken from lakes or rivers on a low level. Surface water, or water in lakes, pools, or rivers which receive the surface wash, should be avoided as much as possible. Do not drink much water at a time. More than two tumblers full should not be taken at a meal. Do not drink between meals unless to quench thirst, as excess of water weakens the gastric juice and overworks the kidneys. Excessive potations, whether of water or other fluids, relax the stomach, impair its secretions, and paralyze its movements. By drinking a little at a time, all injury is avoided.

HYDROPHOBIA.—So far as is known, no genuine case of hydrophobia has ever yet been cured in this country. A correspondent of the *New York Herald* asserts that a discovery of a cure for the fearful malady has been made in Russia, this remedy being pure oxygen. A little Russian girl was recently attacked by the disease, and physicians thereupon made her inhale three cubic feet of oxygen. In the course of an hour and a half all the symptoms disappeared, and the child remained calm. On the next day the malady returned in all its distressing characteristics. A fresh inhalation of oxygen was tried, and at the end of forty-five minutes the attack subsided and never returned.—*Boise City Republican*.

LAWS OF LIFE tell how rashes differ as follows: "Measles appear as a number of dull red spots, in many places running into each other, and is usually first seen about the face and on the forehead, near the roots of the hair, and is often preceded by running of the eyes and nose, and all the signs of a severe cold. Scarlet fever appears first about the neck and chest, but not unfrequently at the bend of the elbow or under the knee, and is usually preceded by sore throat. It can be distinguished from roseola, a mild disease which is sometimes mistaken for it, by the bright red color of the skin, which appears not unlike a boiled lobster. In chicken-pox the spots are small separate pimples, and come out generally over the whole body."

KEEPING THE HEAD CLEAN.—A distinguished physician who had spent much time at quarantine said that a person whose head was thoroughly washed every day rarely took contagious diseases; but where the hair was allowed

to become dirty and matted, it was hardly possible to escape infection. Many persons find speedy relief for nervous headache by washing the hair thoroughly in weak soda water. I have known severe cases almost wholly cured in ten minutes by this simple remedy. A friend finds it the greatest relief in cases of "rose cold," the cold symptoms entirely leaving the eyes and nose, after one thorough washing of the hair. The head should be thoroughly dried afterward, and avoid draughts of air for a little while.

EAT ONIONS.—Few people dream of the many virtues of onions, and those few are enthusiastic for the beneficent bulb, and believe it a panacea for every ill. Lung and liver complaints are certainly benefited, often cured, by a free consumption of onions, either cooked or raw. Colds yield to them like magic. Don't be afraid of them—especially if you are married. Taken at night, all offence will be wanting by morning, and the good effects will amply compensate for the trifling annoyance. Taken regularly they greatly promote the health of the lungs and the digestive organs. An extract made by boiling down the juice of onions to a syrup, and taken as a medicine, answers the purpose very well, but fried, roasted or boiled onions are better. Onions are a very cheap medicine, within everybody's reach, and they are not by any means as "bad to take" as the costly nostrums.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

If your coal fire is low, throw on a tablespoon-full of salt, and it will help it very much.

A little ginger put into sausage meat improves the flavor.

In boiling meat for soup, use cold water to extract the juices. If the meat is wanted for itself alone, plunge in boiling water at once.

You can get a bottle or barrel of oil off any carpet or woollen stuff by applying dry buckwheat plentifully and faithfully. Never put water to such a greasy spot, or liquid of any kind.

Broil steak without salting. Salt draws the juices in cooking; it is desirable to keep these in if possible. Cook over a hot fire, turning frequently, searing on both sides. Place on a platter; salt and pepper to taste.

Beef having a tendency to be tough can be made very palatable by stewing gently for two hours, with pepper and salt, taking out about a pint of liquor when half done, and letting the rest boil into the meat. Brown the meat in the pot. After taking up, make a gravy of the pint of liquor saved.

A small piece of charcoal in the pot with boiling cabbage will remove the smell.

Clean oil-cloth with milk and water; a brush and water will ruin them.

Tumblers that have had milk in them should never be put in hot water.

A spoonful of stewed tomatoes in the gravy of either roasted or fried meats is an improvement.

The skin of a boiled egg is the most efficacious

remedy that can be applied to a boil. Peel it carefully, wet and apply it to the part affected. It will draw off the matter, and relieve the soreness in a few hours.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

LETTER FROM JUDGE CARTER.

CINCINNATI, July 2, 1879.

BROTHER DENSMORE,—Though I have been some time silent, since I have come back to the West, you must not think that I have forgotten you, or the VOICE OF ANGELS. The fact is I have been concerned about many, many things, and have been writing a great deal for the secular papers, and have been engaged in making speeches. I make one on the Fourth to the Pioneers of Cincinnati, by their especial invitation, again, at the celebration of the one-hundred-and-third Independence Day in this city. I delivered their anniversary address last 7th of April, and now they have complimented me with a second invitation to speak before them. I couldn't refuse; so I will speak.

Besides this and these, I have been busy at the law, before the Courts and in my office; so that I find my hands pretty full. But I have always time to look at and read the VOICE OF ANGELS, and I must tell you I have been especially and particularly pleased with the method and manner of its conduct. There have been some first rate articles in the columns, editorial and otherwise; and both my wife and myself always receive the VOICE and read its columns, all its columns, with pleasure and profit. We are always interested in what the Spirits say in the VOICE, and we read all the plain, simple, unsophisticated and genuine communications which appear through Miss Shelhamer and all other good Mediums. And then the VOICE is so easy to read, too: its large, good print and its tinted paper are merciful to the eyes, so that I can always read it without spectacles. It is a positive attractive pleasure to look at the VOICE and scan its columns, in every sense.

There is one great thing about the VOICE: there is no show business or ostentation about it. It is no strutting peacock, expanding its tail; but it makes its way simply, honestly, truthfully, sincerely; and this is what recommends it so much to simple, honest, truthful minds. The Latin motto—*Esse quam videri*—will apply to the VOICE, for it is emphatically what it seems. I am clearly of the opinion that the Spirits of the Summer-land knew well what they were about, when they undertook this paper, and selected you, brother, as their instrument of communi-

cation to the people of this earthly sphere. They well knew what they were about, and the columns of the little VOICE manifest this more and more at every issue. We second the good efforts of the Spirits, and hope and trust that the VOICE may much increase in subscription and circulation, and become a Spiritual power in the land—a power of love and wisdom.

Sister Emma and my wife send good wishes to you and the VOICE, and I join them in the hope that all is well with you.

Your friend,

A. G. W. CARTER.

[Selected by M. J. K.]

SONG.

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

I LOVE all that thou lovest,
Spirit of Delight!
The fresh earth, in green leaves drest,
And the starry night;
Autumn evening, and the morn,
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow, and all the forms
Of the radiant frost;
I love waves, and winds and storms,
Everything almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,
And such society
As is quiet, wise and good.
Between thee and me
What difference?—but thou dost possess
The things I seek, not love them less.

I love Love—though he has wings,
And like light can flee;
But above all other things,
Spirit, I love thee—
Thou art love and life! Oh, come,
Make once more my heart thy home!

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE MILLENNIUM.

WE may look in vain for the Millennium to come—when the lion shall lie down with the lamb—unless we help prepare the way.

By the Millennium of course is meant a heaven on earth, a time when that great devil, Ignorance, will be chained; also, his right hand and left hand supporter, intemperance and selfishness, with all the lesser devils. Then will the Christ principle—Progress, Love, Harmony—reign supreme in the world.

But the Millennium is not coming for any one class alone. For it is not said that the lamb alone shall have peace, but that the lion shall lie down beside it.

The question now arises, Who is the lamb, and who the lion? One would naturally suppose, from the nature of the two classes, that Science is the Lamb, and Theology the Lion. For we know that Science has always been peaceful as a lamb, while Theology is even more warlike and bloodthirsty than a lion; and we hope the time is nearly here when re-

ligion will cease to war with itself and with science, and all unite their forces against existing evils, that are constantly gnawing at the vitals of both.

"Unity is strength," but "a house that divideth against itself cannot stand"; and religion—Christian, in particular—is sadly divided against itself. But we are looking now for a unity of all forces, to establish a higher, nobler, purer, altogether better form of civilization. Then will the millennial day dawn, and we shall have "peace on earth and good will towards men."

With reference to civilization, we know of no better mode than that adopted by Sister and Brother Allen; (and we wish them the best success imaginable in the good work they have undertaken;) and we believe the world must embrace such a form of civilization before all men will have their just and equal rights, that Nature intended we should have. And yet, such a system is not likely to revolutionize the world very rapidly. People must be born, or else be educated, up to a good standard of perfection, before they will embrace such a system of life. It may, and we hope it will be a haven of rest for those poor tempest-tossed souls, who can see in the light of its founders; but it may be a long time before the world can see in that light. Before that time comes, there will be and is an opportunity to do a great deal of good towards advancing the human race.

Every one knows that we are far from having a heaven on earth now; and yet all that is required is for each and all to do their part, and that very desirable end can be accomplished.

All the religions of the past ages have done little to civilize the world. They have carried systems of worship to barbarians, but even in their own lands have done nothing to aid progress; indeed, in several cases religion has crushed the young buds of science, for fear its bloom should be grasped in place of the poisonous weeds of theology.

Religion has never been the means of discontinuing one war, to our knowledge; but to the contrary, it has deluged the earth with blood, (Christianity not excepted.) And though we heard a preacher say, a few days ago, that Christianity had done more than any other religion on the face of the earth to promote the temperance cause, we would ask what class have done more than the Christians to promote intemperance? It has clung to Christianity like a leech, and is the curse of all classes it tries to, Christianize. Indeed,

not many years ago the clergy took their dram and thought it no sin: and today we could point to some of their more than ordinary representatives who will "drink with the boys." However, the example set by the founders of their faith could not be expected to produce any better result.

It is hardly necessary to refer to the drunkards who have cursed their sons and brought their daughters to disgrace. A saloon keeper in a little town only ten miles from where I write quotes Scripture from both Old and New Testaments on his business card—(Proverbs 31:6, 7; and First Epistle of Paul to Timothy 5:23.)

We hope these remarks will not prejudice our Christian friends against the system of progress that we are about to suggest. We only make the observation to show conclusively that religion does not do for the world what it claims as its mission. There are good and bad people in all religions and out of them, and we believe the really righteous will take no offence at truth, but will help in all good work.

With advancing intelligence—we cannot say civilization—(all nations and religions included,) wars are neither less frequent, cruel nor destructive to either life or property. It seems as if the most diabolical means of causing pain and death are the most used and appreciated; and though prayers of chaplains are offered up in our senate-chambers, and missionaries are sent to the "heathen," no soothing or beseeching word is sent to our enemies, to pray for peace and friendship. It seems easier to pray for victory and vengeance than for justice and love.

In war, one side is always wrong, and frequently both. Innumerable lives and vast wealth might be saved if both sides would give way a little. But men of great honors (?) make wars, and men of less honor and little sense, too, do the fighting.

Indeed, the more we look at the world as it is today, the more we feel the need of some moralizing influence, that has hitherto been unknown. The world is surprised occasionally by some wonderful invention, and we hope soon to see an invention to improve the race, and something that will not "flit away" with the years. What we are now about to suggest is a union of the righteous workers of all classes and denominations, worship to be entirely excluded from the association. Let every human being worship God as he reveals himself to him, but let all the world, if it will, unite in one great

Brotherhood of Friends-of-Right-and-Progress, whose aim shall be the greatest possible good of the greatest possible number; in other words, the full rounding out of the human race, in every conceivable way and in the shortest time possible.

H. W. BROWN.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

SPIRIT ECHOES.

NUMBER SEVEN.

BY SPIRIT VIOLET.

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

LIFE! immortal Life! Rising up through all its various grades and manifestations, the thinking, earnest soul perceives one great, grand purpose outlining every life-principle, from the lowest, crudest condition to the ultimate perfection of conscious existence—one purpose, the evolvment of light, beauty and wisdom from darkness, deformity and ignorance.

One white, perfect line of light runs through every life; dim and indistinct as it may be in lower forms, it assumes brighter proportions in the human, and ascending in gradations from the crudest to the highest, culminates in a ray of brilliant glory, transcending aught that mortals know. This line of light is the chord connecting all life; it is the relationship binding all existence in one; it is the primal force from which all being springs; permeating all life, it gradually uplifts and draws it upward towards its centre, which is the Source of Light. And all Spirits have this one first lesson to learn thoroughly and well—that all life is sacred, that all life springs from one common centre, that one principle permeates and controls all, that one Father rules and governs all, and that all men, whether black or white, bond or free, ignorant or learned, are brothers in the closest sense of that fraternal relationship; and not until this fact is recognized and acted upon by those learned and favored ones who occupy the high places can man become uplifted to a higher plane and humanity free itself from bondage and ignorance, with their fearful results—vice and crime.

Oh, Life! immortal, beautiful Life! Thy sweetest forms are manifested in the human soul actively engaged in working for the welfare of others—the uplifting of the down-trodden or the comforting of the mourner. No greater eulogy than this can be expressed—"He hath done what he could for others." As we tread the mossy paths of Spirit-life, drawing from natural scenes of beauty that stimulus for mind and soul that invigorates and

strengthens, we perceive that no higher pinnacle can be attained than the platform of earnest Endeavor—where each soul seeks earnestly to perform something of good, not for self, but for another, because he recognizes that all men are brothers, and while one remains in degradation the whole family is subject to censure and disgrace.

We may talk of wrong, we may prate of evil; but unless we put our shoulder to the wheel, and add our power to the movement of reform, striving to uplift some fellow-mortal, caring not for self, fearing not to soil our hands, but to go down body and soul into the depths, and by mighty endeavor do all in our might to remedy wrong and error, our words will count for nothing, and the stamp of hypocrisy will surely imprint itself upon our features.

No use to growl at life; no use to grumble at our lot. Every life contains its grain of salt to give it savor, and He who governs all awaits his own good time when each existence shall become developed into the full glory and sweetness of perfected life, when all experiences shall be explained, and He will make every problem plain to the Spirit-understanding.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

A VOICE FROM HUMANITY.

NUMBER TWO.

BY SUSAN D. FALES.

THESE are indeed dark days for the country, when the "riches of our best men are corrupted and their garments moth-eaten with fraud and open dishonesty." We hear from the pulpit the solemn admonition of God, pronouncing doom upon the vile selfishness of the sinful rich. The chosen ministers of the Almighty tell us to "love our fellow-men, and keep sacred and holy the bond of human brotherhood." But what are we to do in these times of particular wickedness, when even the watchmen upon the walls of Zion turn demagogues and adopt two characters, a personal and a political one, clothing both in piety so thin that the blinded worldling can see their deformity?

They boldly obey all the requisitions of their own physical natures, and kneeling in their sin beseech God to shut his eyes upon all their short-comings and bestow upon them the richest and most sacred of spiritual gifts.

In the pulpit, they are men of religious character, devotion and humility; in their private lives and daily walks they are like the world's people, men of more expedients.

I have heard them preach to the vast number of men engaged in business, expostulating with them for their love of gold and pleasure, and urging them to honesty and integrity in spiritual matters. I wonder if the saying, "Physician, heal thyself!" ever met their eyes? Do they ever realize that bankruptcies in commerce are far more harmless to the public weal than bankruptcies in religious morals? We cannot realize one-half the harm such men do, nor one-half the sin they cause. For they prove stumbling-blocks where they should be guides, with brilliant lights to cheer us on our way.

Popularity has nearly reached its culminating point. The great heart of humanity longs for something more satisfactory than eloquent preaching and high-sounding theories. The multitudes of men and women who form the great body of humanity want something more tangible than crude and ideal theories.

We want a pathway leading directly to the Deity. We do not want a toll-bridge at every turn, where we must pay for our salvation, or not cross over at all. Give us a clear roadway, with Christ for a guide and the Eternal Father's house for a shelter at the end of our journey, and we shall be content to struggle on, even without a million modern reformers flaunting their brilliant banners before our eyes.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

FORT SENECA, Ohio, June 18, 1879.

D. C. DENSMORE:—*Dear Sir*,—I am happy to acknowledge through the VOICE OF ANGELS a communication through Miss M. T. Shelhamer, from the Spirit of my father. Please accept for the Medium and yourself my sincere thanks for the highly esteemed favor and my best wishes that you may long be the means of sending out from your sanctum to lonely hearts the quiet peace and satisfaction which these communications furnish.

The message is correct in all its particulars, so far as I am able to judge of its correctness. Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM MONTGOMERY.

ANOTHER VERIFICATION.

LEONISTER, June 21, 1879.

BROTHER DENSMORE,—It is with pleasure that I accept the message from Mary Deland as coming from my father's sister. It is in the VOICE of June 15th. Please accept my sincere thanks to yourself and the Medium. That God and the angels may ever guide and direct you, is my sincere prayer.

JOHN DELAND.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

AN INSPIRATIONAL MESSAGE.

THROUGH MRS. H. BAILEY, AT GOLDEN CIRCLE, LOTTSVILLE, PENN.

THE phenomena connected with the various manifestations of Spirit-power are attributable to certain elements or forces in Nature, little known or understood. What we call Science has failed to discover the philosophy of the tiny rap. The metaphysical relation between what constitutes the true Philosophy of Nature's interior life and her outward expression is widely different.

Scientific minds have failed to discover the principles involved in the solution of the problem of death, and the after life of the Spirit. There is no proof of immortality, without we recognize facts and principles that are incontrovertible and fixed. Science goes half-way and shuts the door. It finds itself incompatible to treat further; it cannot go beyond human possibilities to see if the Spiritual nature signifies anything, and thus the future is draped in mysticism, in doubt and infidelity. There is nothing beyond Nature, nothing that exists in a supernatural condition; the word itself is superfluous, and does not belong to any place or thing.

There is no law aside from natural law, whether you observe it in the Spiritual Realm or in the physical life of humanity; it is the same everywhere, unalterable. True Science demonstrates no impossibilities; whatever is correctly proven is always true itself. Any theory that will not stand the test of criticism, that will not bear investigation, is a false theory, and a dangerous thing to pin our faith or belief upon.

The universe is spread out in illimitable survey; there never was a beginning and there never will be an end of Infinity. Nature is a perfect work, a law unto herself. Who reads aright the inspiration that she gives will enable any one to become wise and happy; but let us not suppose ourselves incapable of knowing a great deal more than we have at present attained.

Crystals lie at the bottom of the ocean; so let us probe the philosophy of the Past to its lowest depths, to see if it contains any hidden lore to sweeten life's pathway. Let us take the truth of all ages and build upon it stronger, broader than ever before. Let us grasp in the true Science of Nature, for Science, if properly understood, is the key that unlocks one by one the pearly gates of wisdom and truth.

He who has suffered you to impose on him, knows you.

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

NEVER LOST.

BY DR. D. AMBROSE DAVIS.

LOST?—Oh, nay, nay! there is no strand
In all creations realm
Where we may not in safety land,
Since God is at the helm.

The clouds upon their billowy track
Are never cast away,
But always bring some blessings back
Upon another day.

The flowers that bloom upon the plain
May fade and pass from view,
But Spring-time brings them back again,
With all their charms, anew.

So loved ones of our earthly plane
May fade and pass from sight;
But oh, they come to us again
At morning, noon and night!

[For the Voice of Angels.]

VERSES.

BY ADDIE S. DORR, ANNISQUAN, MASS.

THEY are sitting up a corner
In the heavenly fields above,
Where the children of our Father
Dwell in purity and love.

There no darkened superstition
Mars the beauty of our Lord;—
Each one knows his true condition,
Each receives his just reward.

Oh, if children in the earth-life
Would but watch as well as pray,
Be more truthful and more Christlike,
Growing better every day!

Did not Christ, the gentle teacher,
Tell us, when a pilgrim here,
That to know the joys of heaven
We must keep the conscience clear?

Each should be to each a brother—
In his life he told us so;
Then, oh, let us love each other,
While we're dwellers here below.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

TO D. C. DENSMORE.

BY J. H. RODGERS.

WE started on life's voyage the same month and year:
A friendly greeting I have longed to send you—
May kind angels wipe away your every tear,
And may your guardians as now ever attend you.

We have tried the bitter things of this life,
And seeming mountains rose up o'er us;
But onward! was whispered to us in the strife,
And the mountains seemed to recede before us.

And now the VOICE OF ANGELS seems to say,
We are coming twice ten thousand strong;
The dark of night is just before the dawning day,
We will help to move the ark along.

Keep her moving, until every son of man
Shall hear the VOICE from South to Northern Pole;
His daughters, too, the truth shall understand—
The work and mission of the human soul.

DOVER PLAINS, N. Y., May 27, 1879.

The *Harbinger of Light*, of Australia, says "Tests, and the higher class of physical phenomena have been presented, but materializations are as yet uncommon, but will doubtless develop ere long, and offer a broad field for tricksters and dishonest Mediums to imitate; in the meantime let all true Spiritualists work assiduously at the foundation we have indicated and prepare the way for a wider dissemination of rational Spiritualism, which will exclude all that is unreasonable and dubious, and commend itself to the intelligence of the intelligent thinker."

VOICE OF ANGELS.

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NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS., JULY 15, 1879.

EDITORIAL.

HIGH AND LOW CONDITIONS—THEIR RELATION TO EACH OTHER CONSIDERED.

SOME six months since, we received a nameless letter, bearing upon the subject heading this article, from somebody hailing from Washington, D. C., requesting our comments thereon; but as the sentiments contained therein were so totally at variance with the facts in the case, and as the writer concealed his identity behind a *nom de plume*, coupled with the fact that the subject had been considered one way or another many times heretofore in these columns, we gave it a resting-place in the waste-basket.

Our continued silence drew out another letter from the same party, a few days since, berating us soundly for our delinquency, and intimating that our silence was owing to our inability to make clear some of the declarations we have heretofore made relative to the high and low conditions as applied, not only to the physical affairs of everyday life, but to intellectual, moral and Spiritual matters as well. And even now, were it not for the fact that very many besides our friend, claiming to be well posted in Spiritual ethics, are tinctured with the same idea—that is, that all low conditions, of every name and nature, are unnecessary and useless, and ought to be done away with—we would not spend a moment in its further consideration. But for the benefit of those who may not have perused our comments heretofore, and to show our nameless friend that his suspicions as to the cause of our silence are as incorrect as his assumptions in the subject matter, we have concluded at the risk of repetition to show him the fallacy of his conclusions.

Here is a bill of his complaints: "You say in the first place, among other unaccountable things, that the circumstances and influences surrounding the prospective mother, prior to the birth of her infant, and its subsequent surroundings, make the child whatever he proves to be, good, bad or indifferent; which, as I understand things, would do away with progression altogether. In the second place, in contradistinction to the above, you aver that all conditions of life, whether in the mundane or Spirit-world, beginning at the

very lowest, are absolutely and positively necessary to reach higher ones; that, in fact, if there were no low conditions, there could not, in the very nature of things, be higher ones. And then, to crown the climax of your absurdity, you further say that high conditions are outgrowths of lower ones, and bear the same relation to each other that children do to their parents. In the former you bar progression altogether, whereas in the latter you favor it. How, in the name of common sense, can you reconcile these conflicting statements? With my present understanding, I consider such teachings, coming as they do from one in your position, not only erroneous, but positively injurious to those seeking for 'light, more light'; and I can account for them only upon one hypothesis, namely, by listening to the gibberish of unintelligent, ignorant Spirits, who can communicate to mortals only through the lower forms of mediumship, such as raps, dark circles, and form manifestations. Now, I propose, if possible, to supplant these by higher ones; and instead of getting low, discordant, unreliable, conflicting statements regarding the laws of life, we shall have at once burning thoughts of eloquence upon the subject, and the best way to utilize them for the benefit of humanity. That the raps, tips, etc., have been somewhat useful in inducing people to investigate the Spiritual phenomena I do not deny; but after performing that primary office, I see no further need for their continuance than for the spelling-book after having mastered its contents."

REMARKS.

To begin with, we plead guilty to all the counts in his bill of indictment; at least so far as circumstances make people what they are, and the relative importance of low conditions as compared to higher ones. The long and short of it is—from what we can gather from his long letter—that he is inimical to all low conditions, of every name and nature, and more especially to those relating to Spiritual manifestations; and his main and only object is to rid the world of them altogether. This is the gist of the whole thing. Now we shall endeavor not only to show—as we have many times before in these pages—that "circumstances"—(the first count in his indictment)—make the man; but that everything, not only in the realms of Nature, but also in the realm of Spirit, take their starting point in the very lowest conditions.

It will be seen that in repudiating our declaration that circumstances make the

man, he does not attempt to give any reason why they do not, but contents himself by simply saying that "such teachings are not only erroneous, but positively injurious to seekers after truth." As much as to say, "Whatever I affirm must be taken for granted, without any regard as to results."

To convince him that our assertions in relation to the subject in hand are correct, and that his assumptions are altogether wrong, we will cite a few cases out of thousands transpiring in every city, village and hamlet, over the broad earth to-day. For instance, parents whose progenitors for many generations have been brought up and educated in the Catholic Church, and constantly surrounded by Catholic influences, will as a rule have progeny who will be Catholics also. So also with other religious denominations, but not to the extent that it is with Catholics; because the latter are more sincere and earnest, and live nearer to their religious professions than any other people on the face of the earth, except Mahomedans.

If drunken, dissolute, unprincipled parents raise up a family of children, the chances are a thousand to one that every one of them will partake of the same general characteristics as their parents; while on the other hand, children born of pure-minded, healthy parents, and brought up under their loving care and harmonious influences, unlike the above class, make honorable, straightforward, reliable men and women, an honor to their parents and a benefit to society at large.

(Of course, there are exceptions to all general rules, and those above cited may have them. Now, if children born of Catholic parents imbihe and live up to all the forms and religious ceremonies and dogmas of the Catholic Church, as did their progenitors; if bad, unprincipled parents produce bad and wicked children; if pure, high-minded, healthy parents give to the world honorable and reliable men and women;—does it not prove that the circumstances and influences surrounding both parents and children make them what they prove to be—good or bad? What other feasible construction can account for the difference in the two classes named?

To make our argument stronger and still more lucid, we will take an extreme, though not an uncommon case. If a child comes into the world with hump-back, club feet, crooked legs, of unequal length, cross-eyes, and a diminutive, dwarfish, skeleton body—in fact, a physical mon-

strosity—was it not the circumstances surrounding its mother, while the child was going through the gestational process, that caused its deformity?

Again, to show the power of circumstances in the formation of character, even after a person has arrived at maturity, we will cite a case coming under our own observation. A young lady, brought up in affluence, and under the most favorable auspices, possessing a lovely disposition, petted and loved by all, whose every thought was for benefitting some one, was married on her eighteenth birthday. Her first child (a boy) inherited the same loving, sympathetic disposition that characterized the mother. After this event took place, a change of circumstances blighted their prospects in a pecuniary way, which reduced the parents to almost abject poverty. The husband and father, to better his condition, purchased a tract of wild land in the midst of a dense wilderness, miles away from the nearest neighbor. He cleared off a few acres, erected a rude log-cabin, and in this humble domicile he placed his young, delicate, and extremely sensitive wife; being obliged to be away from his forest home for weeks at a time, to procure the necessities of life for his young family. The young mother was obliged to use the strictest economy, to eke out a miserable existence; every crust of bread was saved and laid away with the greatest care for future use, all the while fearing that if anything happened to her husband, she and her baby boy might starve to death. Under these circumstances, another child (a boy, also,) was born; but how different in his disposition! While the first one was generous to a fault, loving and sympathetic smiles lighting up his chubby countenance, the second one was grasping and stingy, hardly ever in his infancy favoring his parents or anybody else with a smile; his countenance all through his childhood, up to man's estate, wore the semblance of despair, and he was never satisfied unless he could monopolize all the playthings for his own use. Now, as both boys when they gained their majority, and all through life to old age, manifested precisely the state of mind their mother was in before either was born, who will not say that it was the circumstances surrounding the mother, prior to and at the birth of these two boys, that made them differ so widely in their general characteristics?

If the above cannot be gainsaid—and we do not see how it can—then our oft-repeated declaration that "circumstances over which a child could not by any possi-

bility have control make it what it is," holds good; while on the other hand, our friend's assumption that we got our ideas and sentiments from "uneducated, ignorant Spirits," falls to the ground.

But our remarks on our friend's objections have been extended to so great a length, and we have still so much to say on the subject, we feel obliged to defer the remainder to our next issue.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

HOW PATIENTS ARE TREATED AT THE ASYLUMS FOR THE INSANE.

BY SPIRIT EMMA C. WINCHELL.

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

I WANT to say something about the treatment insane persons receive at the State Asylums. I am not very learned; but I can express myself clearly, I think, in regard to what I know concerning this matter from my own experience.

I have seen other Spirits who passed away from these institutions, and all unite in testifying to the bad effects left upon their spirits by the treatment received at those places.

On the 18th day of August, 1878, I Emma C. Winchell, of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, received such a shock to my nervous system, together with what my guides assure me was a slight concussion of the brain, caused by falling on a bad sidewalk, that I was adjudged insane, and, after unnecessary delay and hardship, remanded to the Northern Hospital for the Insane, at Winnebago, Wisconsin, with Dr. Kempster in control.

I wish to tell you what treatment young and delicate, as well as aged and feeble women, have to endure at this place, which I am told is not so harsh even as at other like institutions.

The bedding is clean and the rooms are neat; but no matter how feeble, the patient must step from the bath upon a cold marble floor, that sends a shiver through every nerve of the body. Not only this, but they are punished severely without provocation. I myself knew that I would never leave the hospital alive, and I longed for my mother intensely. My request to see her was refused, and being weak and nervous, I cried to see my ma. For which offence I was whipped, beaten, as an angry woman beats a refractory child.

More than this, rather than be troubled with attending to the wants of the patients, the nurses ply them with drug mixtures, to make them sleep, and which are so injurious to the system. I know this because they gave it to me and my nurse made me take it until mother came.

There are many hundred patients at this Asylum. I am sure that with proper treatment a large number of these would be restored to health and reason; but there is not much hope, I fear. Others can hardly be called insane; rather suffering from nervous debility, and held under restraint by mere pretext.

I hope the State authorities will look into these things. There is much more that I do not tell, because I did not experience it myself. If the State Committee will visit that place when the officers do not know of their coming, and will use their eyes, and will believe the patients—who, if their "heads are wrong," are sufficiently sane to know tender treatment from abuse—they will readily find evidence of what I say.

I do not ask them to believe the story of a Spirit; for there are plenty of living witnesses of my statements. My mother can verify all I have stated, from her own observations while attending me in my last hours.

The doctor and nurses think dead people tell no tales; but they are mistaken; for although I do not come from any motive of revenge, or to make a sensation; I do come because I think it high time the poor creatures committed to these places should have fair treatment; and more than all, I come to beg Spiritualists never, never to send any one to these institutions for treatment; but if one of their friends becomes unsound of mind, to place him under the care of some sympathetic magnetic physician; and I ask all Spiritualists to do all in their power to overturn the present system of treating the insane, which is a deep disgrace to humanity.

Other State and City Institutions are also badly and disgracefully managed. The idea of confining delicate females for days together in jail, for no shadow of crime, and treating them like animals, giving them no protection from the cold, feeding them like dogs, speaking brutally to them, and, when they are released, giving no satisfaction for their unjust confinement!

And this is what is done in Fond du Lac jail, and humanity wonders why people grow no better.

I want this sent where it will be read by those in high places; I want my mother to mark it and send it. I will be with her and direct her where it is to go.

I thank you. I want to say I lived four months after my fall.

Mr. Pardee says that the publisher may send half-a-dozen copies to my ma, Mrs. Cordelia Taintor, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, and she will distribute them where they will be read.

SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,
JUNE 8TH, 1879,THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHEL-
HAMER.

INVOCATION. BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

OH, thou Infinite Being whom angels worship and archangels adore! though we cannot comprehend thee in thy entirety, because thou art Infinite and we are but the finite atoms of thy infinitude; yet we can comprehend thy wondrous ways, which thou hast revealed to humanity through thy works.

We thank thee for the unfolding flower, for its beauty of form and color, and for the scent of its rare perfume; for in the bud and blossom do we behold the manifestation of thy love and power.

We thank thee for the arching heavens of boundless blue, spangled with thy rolling orbs of light; for, as we contemplate them in all their matchless glory, we behold the wondrous care and wisdom of thy beneficence.

But oh, while we thank thee for the beautiful display of Nature spread out before us, and while creation sings a song of praise, revealing in its depths a recognition of a Creator, we especially thank thee for the joys of Spirit-communion, for the happy hour when the inhabitants of two worlds meet and blend together their aspirations and songs of harmony.

For the needy ones, who, having mismanaged matters when here, now need the counsel and assistance of higher Spirits, we pray, and we ask thy ministering angels to give them strength, courage and assistance in the hour of need. Bless the work of the hour, aid and assist the anxious Spirits to cross the rainbow bridge of Spirit-intercourse, that they may bring light and happiness to the darkened places of earth!

HELEN MAYO.

I COME from Bangor, Maine; I have been away a long time, and I never came before. I think my friends will see this, and give me a chance to speak. I do not mind so much for myself, but Sarah is anxious to go and talk to our friends, because she thinks she can give them undoubted proof of her identity.

My name is Helen Mayo.

GEORGE BURNS.

I'm all dirt. [That's no matter; you are welcome.] I've been to work, and I'm not cleaned up. I don't know what this is; I don't know whether I'm out of the body or not—it's all so sudden. I'm just smothered; I'd like a little air.

[How long have you been away?] I

don't know as I am away; I don't know what time this is. [This is June 8th, 1879.] Well, then, I guess I'm not dead at all. I remember the 5th of June, in the morning, all right. [Who brought you here?] A sweet young lady: she's a bright one—what you folks call a missionary, I think. She said if I'd come, I'd be cleansed, and my head would be cleared, and I'd feel better. She's just the kind, pitying angel that likes to help folks in trouble. I was crushed, you know. My name's George Burns, and I want to tell the boss not to feel bad at all. He's got a good soul, and he does all he can to help them that's hurt and left behind. Just say it's all right, and they'll all find it out some day, if it does seem hard now. I'm no preacher, but that's what the lady says.

[Where did you come from?] Cincinnati, boss.

JOHN SAMSON.

I HAVE been listening to your songs of Spiritual cheer, and to your words of counsel. I have watched the angels coming to receive benefit, and to send tokens of love to friends on earth, and I am ready to say again, Thank God for Spiritualism! I am and was a thorough believer. It's all true, only as you say, "The half was never told" on earth, and it is well; for limited by the material, as they are, mortals cannot fully comprehend the scope, opportunities and beauty of the Spiritual.

I come here to let my friends know that I am indeed active, and have lost no interest in our divine, consoling philosophy; I assure them of this whenever possible. Tell my brother that I am happy, and with our dear ones I sometimes make the welkin ring with songs of joy. I am blest in the society of my loved companion and dear ones.

For the second time, the summer season, with its birds and flowers, has returned, and with the springing grass and opening buds, I come to demonstrate the resurrection of life after death, the springing up of the Spiritual from the winter of decay.

I send a blessing to every one. I am known in Boston and vicinity. My name is John Samson, and my later years were spent in Medford. Thank you, sir, for the privilege.

CHARLES ALLEN.

I CAME once before, but would like to say a word now to my wife Clara, who reads your paper. [You are welcome to do so.] Dear wife, how often do I seek to impress you with my presence! how frequently do I strive to shape the course of events so that you may find peace and rest. It is true that we cannot do all we

wish, but we have raised up kind friends for you, and we will continue to do so. I am not inactive, although slow by nature. I am at work, striving to do some good in the world.

I and others have answered your silent questioning in unexpected ways, and we have directed your course as best we could. You will soon find a chance to do as you wish, and will be happier for it.

I bless you and love you still.

Your parents and friends try to come; they send you all love.

I am Charles Allen. Please give my regards to Bro. Densmore.

FRANK H. FAXON, OF QUINCY, MASS.

[THE Spirit appeared very weak.] This is something entirely out of the course of my experience, I feel somewhat now as I did ere I left the body, depleted of physical strength and vigor. I realize that I am a disembodied Spirit, and when in the realms of light and power, with the angels who bless, and in company with my dear father and other dear ones I have found, and whom I hoped to meet, I am strong and happy and free. I have no wasted frame, no weariness nor pain; but all is invigorating and beautiful. I was young to leave earth, in the full prime and joy of early manhood; but I feel it is well, and now would not return if I could.

I wish to reach my dear devoted mother, to ask her to meet me and father, and all of us who can come, and let us talk to her and give her strength and comfort. We wish to assure her, and through her, others, of this truth, and to give them the joy of knowing their Angel-friends are all around them.

A Spirit here tells me that if mother will go to a Mrs. Kendall, at Montgomery Place, Boston, we can come and fully convince her of our identity.

My name is Frank H. Faxon; I only died a short time ago. I want this to go to Mrs. Elizabeth Faxon, Quincy, Mass.

MESSAGES GIVEN JUNE 15TH, 1879.

LITTLE HELEN.

[OUR Circle usually opens at eight P. M. It was about fifteen minutes before eight, when the little Spirit spoke.]

I COME quick, because I'm going back. I come to get more power here. Tunie said I could; 'cause there's been so much smoke in Philadelphia, the Spirits can't work so good.

I want to send my love to grandpa and to my lady—my Medium. I bring'd a whole basket of lilies to Martha, lady; and when I go home, I want to try and show them.

Tell grandpa I'm having splendid times, and I'm going to do lots of work. I love him better'n any one else, I do.

Please send word to Tuncie's papa that we like to have the Little Spirits speak through "Angel-Voice," and I'm going to bring 'em. I'm going to picnics and camp-meetings this summer, and I'm going to try and wake the people up to take the paper; and I want grandpa to do so too. Oh, I'm ever so busy. I must go. I'm little Helen. Good-bye.

MRS. ANNIE WOOD.

SIR, with your permission, I would like to send a word of love from this place to my son, Joseph Wood, of Philadelphia. [You are welcome to do so.] I came with the little angel who was just here; for I have her in constant charge, and it is my delight to watch the unfolding of her sweet graces of spirit.

I would say, many long and eventful years have passed, my son, since I passed into the World of Spirits, and from that time have I attended and guarded you, though so long you knew it not. Now you have the blessed assurance of your mother's watchful care and love.

Before long, you will receive still greater and more tangible evidence. The world moves, and it is rapidly coming into *rapport* with those Spirit-forces that must and will make themselves manifest to mortals. Our little angel, with her band, and her teacher Mary at their head, backed by powerful Spirits, are getting ready for work, the fulfillment of which you will see accomplished.

I bless the Medium, aye, the Mediums, through whose instrumentality you have received the light. My companion here with me joins in sending love and blessings.

ANNIE WOOD.

ALLIE TAYLOR.

I WANT to tum; pretty lady bring'd me, 'cause mamma kries. I'se a little girl. I did tum long ways. Tell mamma; tell mamma I'se in a booful place, where's lots pretty flowers an' birdies too. Tell mamma I be all well now, an' I sends her an' my dear papa ever so much love. Tell mamma to go somewhere where Allie tan tum an' talk, 'cause Allie loves mamma.

I be Allie Taylor. Mamma is too—Alice A. Taylor.

[The Controlling Intelligence says this child is brought from California, and it is desired that Mr. Densmore address the letter to Mrs. Alice A. Taylor, Oakland, Alameda Co., Cal.]

MRS. LENORA J. SULLIVAN.

How beautiful it is, sir, that the gates are ajar, and these little ones can come

gliding through, to send their sweet tokens of immortal love to sorrowing hearts.

I have long desired to return publicly, and reaffirm, through the instrumentality of the press, my continued interest in and love for Spiritualism; and through the kindness of a sweet young-lady-Spirit, who comes from the city where I resided, I am permitted to come to this place.

This truth was a solace to me in many an hour of affliction; opposition and persecution from others only confirmed my faith in its teachings, and the comfort which it gave to me was great. It was the only true religion revealed to humanity, and as such it was all-important to me. In my hours of mental sorrow, in my days of physical pain, it brought me sweet relief; whispering voices, soothing caresses from Angels brought me a balm of healing naught else could supply; and I come, praying that those dear to me on earth will accept my public affirmation, and will endeavor to seek the light of truth for themselves. Social position and distinction grows dim in the light of an heavenly presence. They who walk with angels need no badge of honor, no patent of nobility; for these are manifest in the company they keep.

I thank you, sir; I have been in Spirit-life many, many months. I am Lenora J. Sullivan, wife of Mr. M. V. Sullivan, well known in Cincinnati, to whom I wish my letter addressed, and through whom I hope to reach my well-loved friends.

[Mr. Editor, send message as per request.]

MADISON HURD.

MANY long years have passed, since, young and inexperienced, I passed into the World of Spirits. Since that time, I have grown and developed unto middle age; and now, ignorant somewhat of earthly matters, but possessing knowledge of the Higher Life, I return to bear a weight of love and blessing from my sisters present here with me, and from my own soul, to comfort a parent's heart.

Say that I passed away in, I think, '36, early in the Spring, when April showers came to waken buds and blossoms—passed away to a country where life is free and ennobling to whosoever cares to find the better way.

Mary has tried to come: she thinks she will succeed. All who are here send love.

My name is Madison Hurd. I wish this to go to Lusela Hurd, Willoughby, Ohio.

JONATHAN WALKER.

FREEMEN, what of the right? I think I must ask that of you. I see so much that has been accomplished, so much more that is sure to be accomplished, that I stand

speechless. Bless God! Right ever triumphs over wrong, and freedom rises over the oppressed in every age.

We have recently gained an accession to the ranks of Spirit-workers in the party of reform. I refer to Lloyd Garrison and John Zimmerman; with them I have clasped hands in friendship.

I am Jonathan Walker, an old sea-faring man, him of the "Branded Hand." "S. S." is the only badge I ever cared to wear; that was forced upon me, but I bear it proudly; for I shall ever continue the friend of every slave, black or white, in material or mental bondage.

Be good enough to send my fraternal greeting to my friends everywhere, to assure them of my interest in them.

I would like a copy of the *VOICE* sent to the Amesbury poet, that he may know from the upper heights I send him down a recognition of his sympathy manifested towards me in the old days of persecution, and that I bless his spirit with a brother's love.

And to my dear wife, whose days are not altogether sunny, whose path is sometimes beset with thorns, I bring a blessing from angel lips, for the work she is doing and for the life consecrated to truth. No greater glory can we give than the love and sympathy of immortal souls, who guide her ever.

Send especial greetings to Hopedale and Lake Harbor.

[Please send to J. G. Whittier, Amesbury, Mass., and to Mrs. Lavina R. Walker, Muskegon, Michigan. I hope some time to repay you; if not to do good to yourself, perhaps to some one who needs it more.]

MESSAGES GIVEN JUNE 22d, 1879.

GEORGE W. WINSLOW.

I'M an old Spiritualist, and haven't been above many months. I come to send a Spiritual greeting to my beloved ones and to my many friends. They know I am cognizant of all their kind wishes, loving thoughts and expressions of regard concerning myself. Of course. I know the testimonial expressed and published in the good old *Banner*, and I appreciate it all and thank them heartily. My sympathy and hearty co-operation is still with the cause and with the association. I shall always bless and work for them all. My powers are multiplied, my scope extended, and I shall work with new strength and vigor.

I have a beautiful island home, on the shores of a gleaming lake, where I gather power to grow and develope all that lies

within, while learning wisdom from scenes and associations without.

Bless God, it is all true; and as I held here I hold now. I would not part with my knowledge gained from Spiritualism for all else earth can bestow.

Should any of my friends desire to recover their lost health, let me recommend them to try hydropathy. I fully believe that my experience at the Danville Water Cure built me up and kept me in the physical until my work was done.

God and the good Spirits bless every one of my fellow-workers! God bless Brother Stebbins!

I am George W. Winslow, of Kalamazoo, Michigan.

FRANK.

I HAVE tried to come for a long time; but I find it impossible to give my full name. Yet it is important that I come; and so at last I have concluded to do the best I can, and perhaps it will give me power to come again and do better.

I want to say to my sister, that there should be no claimants upon my estate to take from her what belongs to her. A. should have informed her as to the true state of affairs. However, she will find them straightening out before long. She is to go on and do just as she would if she understood it all, and then it will be explained. All send love.

Frank, to his sister in New Hampshire.

R. P. COLTON.

I JUST want to say to my beloved companion, I see a hand in the darkness, guiding her boat to the golden shore; I see a silver lining to a cloud, which she also will shortly discover. Angels are guiding her onward, and a brighter day for her, and especially for the one dear to her and me, is soon to dawn. Sing we in hope of the rising morn!

With undying love,

R. P. COLTON.

EMMA J. WALLACE.

I WANT to come to my many friends and relatives, but especially to bring my love to my darling mother, whose feet are nearing the unseen shore. Soon she will meet all she loves, and the reunion will be sweet. She need not fear; I will always be with her, to guide her Spirit with my love. I am often at home, and when twilight falls in silvery sweetness, join in Angel-songs to charm all sadness from the hearts of dear ones, and bring harmony and love to bind us closer together. Angel-songs are sweet, for they echo from the soul, and lift the Spirit upward.

My departure was sudden, but to me it

was sweet. Earthly ties held me close, but heavenly hands drew me upward; and with new strength and power, I daily come to bless my heart's treasures on earth.

Auntie Pitman, who passed on when I was a young girl, met me with others. From her long residence in the Higher Life, she is a beautiful Spirit, and she sends her love to all.

My name, sir, is Emma J. Wallace. This will be received at New Orleans and elsewhere, and read. I thank you.

HATTIE DAMON.

How do you do, Mister? I died in Boston, I don't know how long ago. My name's Hattie Damon, and I was ten years old. My mother's alive. She don't believe a word of this; but when I go away from here, I'm going where I can make things go so I guess she'll know.

There's a heap of water-lilies here. Do you like flowers? [Yes.] Well, we have heaps of them. Do you like music? [Yes, indeed.] Well, we have that, too—splendid! We have boating; do you like that? [Yes.]

MRS. EMMA C. WINCHELL.

I WROTE through this lady today. I want to say a word to ma. Please tell her my Summer-land home is sweet; it is a pleasant cottage on the side of a hill. I have flowers and birds. La Faun's tent is just a little way off, on the edge of a wood. We are so happy!

I come every day to ma, to see if I can help her. I had a most trying and strange experience of life here, but it was all for the best. I can appreciate life now.

I found Tunie right away, and she was so kind!—not a bit like a stranger.

When the bed shook, after I had left the body, the nurses thought it was the devil, and that he had got me. Well, it was my Indian Guides, and they did it because of some things that had happened.

I want to say, of course I found the little Maloney children; but Charley is afraid to talk here. They are with their mamma; they love her dearly. Tell her they are safe, happy, and tenderly cared for.

I am Mrs. Emma Carrie Winchell; to her mother, Mrs. C. Taintor, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.

LIBERTY AND AUTHORITY.—Common sense is satisfied to perceive that, in human affairs, the proper balance between liberty and authority will ever be attained only through variations, and that the power which can prevent every error is incompatible with that freedom by which any good is to be truly attended.—*Churchman.*

BRIEF NEWS ITEMS.

The excess of exports over imports for the year ending May 31st, 1879, was \$239,709,876, an increase of nearly \$30,000,000 over the same period expiring May 31st, 1878.

A velocipede has been invented to run on railroads. It has two wheels, and is a sort of cross between a velocipede and a hand-car. It can travel a mile in two minutes.

Pius IX. left two-thirds of his private property to his relatives, and now there will be business for the legal tribunals. Leo XIII. is trying to mediate between the contestants, but with little success. It is also reported that many valuables belonging to the late Pope have mysteriously disappeared, among them a handsome gold snuff box set with jewels.

A despatch from Cape Town says the latest advices are rather encouraging. The advance of the British into Zululand has continued, and once more it is asserted that the strategic disposition of the British columns is sufficient to prevent the unhappy surprises which previously have resulted in such serious disasters.

J. William Fletcher, the reliable trance Medium, has decided to remain permanently in England.

Mr. Thomas Walker commenced a new series of lectures, says the Melbourne *Harbinger of Light*, before the Victorian Association of Spiritualists at the Opera House on Sunday, April 13th, and despite the inclemency of the weather the house was filled in every part.

Mr. Charles Bright has commenced a course of free thought lectures in the Theatre Royal, Sydney.

A terrific hurricane struck Baltimore, Md., Saturday, June 28th, causing damage to property estimated at half a million. Boston was accommodated on Sunday, June 29th, with a heavy thunderstorm, accompanied by hail. 2.3 inches of rain fell in three hours.

Charles H. Foster, who has done such a grand work in illustrating some of the most remarkable proofs of the truths of Spiritualism, can be found for some time to come at No. 20 Hardy street, Salem, Mass.

The first Spiritual Union Society of San Francisco is now holding meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at its new hall, known as Covenant Hall, on Eddy street, near Mason.

We note with pleasure that the Spiritualists of Worcester, Mass., have organized a Spiritualists Association, which promises great usefulness in that beautiful and prosperous New England city.—*Mind and Matter.*

One of the Zulu chiefs proves to be an Irishman—a genuine Fenian.

It is a notion of the learned Dr. Kelth, of Illinois, that diphtheria comes from potato eating. Dr. Kelth claims this notion to be the result of his own experience, as well as that of his father, extending over twenty-nine years, and embracing eleven hundred cases of diphtheria. In all of these cases the patients were potato eaters. Persons who eschewed the potato escaped the diphtheria, though residing in the midst of an infected district.

The celebrated French physician, Dumoulin, on his death bed, when surrounded by the most distinguished citizens of Paris, who regretted the loss which the profession would sustain in his death, said: "My friends, I leave behind me three physicians much greater than myself." Being pressed to name them, each of the doctors supposing himself to be one of the three, he answered, "Water, Exercise and Diet."

Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Brittan's career as a public exponent of Spiritualism on the rostrum is to close, even when the powers conferred upon her to move the masses are at the maximum of their force. Her farewell to the rostrum is to be taken in a brief tour through the United States, some time in the coming autumn.

Prof. Agassiz, the eminent naturalist, believed that animals had souls. There was not a single instance of his having been injured by any serpent or beast, however poisonous or ferocious, though much of his life was passed in the company of animals. It is asserted that they have no language; but he had no difficulty in conversing with them, and they seemed to understand him well.

Mrs. Elizabeth Davenport Glandy, sister of the "Davenport Brothers," is at present in Boston. She, too, is a Medium for physical manifestations.

There was a Grove Meeting of Spiritualists and Liberals at Nashville, Mich., June 29th. Giles B. Stebbins was the principal speaker.

Dr. Henry Slade's seances are creating a great deal of interest at San Francisco, Cal. Two daily papers, the *Post* and *Chronicle*, give excellent reports of the wonderful tests given through his mediumship.

The London *Spiritualist* says: "There is a great want in London, just now, of a Medium who obtains manifestations in daylight, and a general desire exists for opportunities of examining new orders of physical phenomena. Cabinets are gradually falling into disuse, to the great advantage of Mediums, Investigators and Spiritualists. Strong Mediums obtain good materialistic manifestations while they are held by both hands at dark seances, and the chief effect of using a cabinet is to expose them to suspicion and to strain the faith of observers."

[Selected by A. B. F. R.]

A QUIET LIFE.

You scorn my dwelling as you pass it by;
I do not say, Come in;
You are a stranger to the company
I entertain within.

My house is humble, yet within its walls
Contentment doth abide;
And from the wings of peace a blessing falls,
Like dew at eventide.

You think my soul is narrow, like the room
Wherein I toil for bread,
And that, because oblivion is my doom,
I might as well be dead.

Yet are you sure the riches are not mine,
The poverty your own?
Is he not rich who finds his lot divine
In hovel and on throne?

You judge me by the narrow boundaries
'Twixt which my body moves;
But I behold a wider land that lies
Free to the soul that loves.

Is that not mine in which I hourly take
My largess of delight?
Are not all things created for his sake
Who reads their meaning right?

Is it not mine, this landscape I behold?
Mine to enjoy and use
For all life's noblest uses, though no gold
Has made it mine to lose?

I know the wood-paths where the feet of Spring
Have left their prints in flowers;
And all the carols that the wild birds sing
Through the long summer hours.

I watch the changeful light upon the grass,
The wind-waves in the grain;
I note the swift cloud-shadows as they pass
Above the breezy plain.

Mine are the stillness of the autumn noons,
The peace of tranquil eve,
The sunset splendors and the glimmering moons,
The rain-fall on the leaves.

I cannot count the half of daily joys
Which kindly Nature gives;
For while some humble task my hands employ,
With her my Spirit lives.

Not these alone the pleasures that I know,
The riches I possess;
Still other things are mine, and they bestow
A deeper happiness.

For unto me the past, with all its store
Of untold wealth belongs;
To me the singers and the saints of yore
Repeat their prayers and songs.

For me again the long-past centuries yield
The harvest of their thoughts;
My gleanings bring me sheaves from many a field,
Where stranger hearts have wrought.

Mine is the present too; nor let it be
Displeased as little worth;
I could not tell of all the good I see
Each day upon the earth.

What matters that my hand may never touch
The hands I venerate?
I thank my God that he has given me such
To guide and guard the State.

And for the future—but I may not speak
Of all I hope for then!
The glories of that city which I seek
No tongue can speak, nor pen.

So the day rounds to fulness, and the night
Is blessed, like the day;
For God, who makes the darkness and the light,
Keeps every fear away.

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

THROUGH MRS. HANNAH T. STEARNS.

[Trance Lecturer at the "Golden Circle," Lottsville, Pa.]

NEOSHA.

ME give you talk this morning, to write me, Neosha. You know me for Nitchie squaw. My father French man, my mother Chippewa squaw. You understand me, French. You call me Indian. When in the body, me live in Michigan, Wisconsin; go to Spirit-life with small-pox fever; two papposes go too.

In the body me understand Spirit-raps; me belong medicine lodge; Spirit talk with Indian; make shake, make rap, make vision. So in Spirit me understand what to do. White man, Spirit-doctor, brought me to this squaw for Spirit-work, one-twenty years ago. Me use other squaws, and work for heal. Explain Spirit-law to help us friend always. Many times me hear question, What for Indian come? Me want to answer that question. If Great Spirit make one law for all to use, which bring good to all, then to do what the Great Spirit want, all must use the law. Law no complete if all do not use him. So Indian, to help the Great Spirit prove him law, have to use him. Everywhere, from big ocean to big ocean, me see white man, white squaw, pappose, eating Indian's body out of the earth; in him corn, him wheat, in all what he grows; and the Great Spirit law be if him eat him body, he must eat him Spirit; for the great law say all things must be mixed, the coarse with the fine Spirit with matter; and the law no be complete unless him gets Spirit with the body. So him eat Indian thought, Indian feel, Indian know. The think of many Indian make one Indian nation; the way of power to fill white man's mind be one great im-

pressing think to move him. So Indian Spirit control, to show the great law. Me call this good reason why Indian control white man; can't get away from the law; Indian Spirit don't want to; each help the other to grow.

My father pale-faced Frenchman; leave him home; he no like war; great general, Napoleon Bonaparte, have much war; my father no like him; come here; leave home; make Indian Squaw wife. Him no support Bonaparte; so him have to leave him land, him friend. So come easy to me to work with all peoples in Spirit. Me find home with many Spirit.

Me want to talk, to instruct, not just to please; so me talk about many things; have no trouble to think.

Red man most all gone. Me think Spirits grow with bodies. Me believe the wise way the Great Spirit uses, so the bodies what will use the most that the Great Spirit has for his children are the best bodies to grow; so if pale-face bodies use more things than the red-man's, me conclude Great Spirit prefers them. Great Spirit want more corn, then him help right Spirit to grow it. If Indian want hunt all the time, no grow corn to eat; then we think him will have to die. Plenty room for Indian, if him use the room like pale-face; Indian and squaw to work all, to know all; else him can no hold the lock over the land. Indian go over much heap land; Great Spirit give him to his children what use him best. Great Spirit want all he gives used; so he grow him children where there's plenty for use. It belong to the pale-face for use, more than to red-man, who do not use; so me got no story to tell that Indian lose him home. When nation stop growing, they die; me think stopping growing is what makes everything die; to get ready to grow another way—now forms, now power. Indian believe in the Great Spirit; pale-face talk God; don't see him, don't know him; got three heads. Some savage say, God got three heads; make piece of wood into three heads; say he look like God. Then Christian call him heathen savage. He don't know himself; him heathen brother. Bring him three-headed God before him eyes, and he don't know him. Just get introduced. How can he expect red Indian to take him, when he no take the picture or the copy—no believe him when him heathen brother hold him up to him?

Me like the Great Spirit and all kinds of Spirits; don't want three-headed God. Great Spirit do him work through all Spirits. Indian can make rap, make Indian talk; then you understand Indian be

himself; wore out him blanket, got another.

Pale-faces have many tongues; so many talks they give, to prove he not buried; only their old bodies buried; so the law of the Great Spirit revealed by Spirit-communication. That is enough for this time.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

THROUGH M. T. SHELFHAMER.

NEW ORLEANS, La., June 15, 1879.

DEAR BROTHER DENSMORE,—The communication contained in your paper—the VOICE OF ANGELS, June 1st—from Mr. Joseph Heep, through M. T. Shelfhamer, was correct in every particular, except where he calls his wife May, instead of Mag; but that must have been an error in printing.

Hoping to hear from him again, I remain,
Yours for the truth,

H. B. HOMES.

ANOTHER VERIFICATION.

BUCKTON, Ill., June 21, 1879.

MR. DENSMORE:—*Dear Sir*,—Enclosed you will find two dollars for the continuance of the VOICE OF ANGELS; and I send a thousand thanks for the communication that I received from V. A. Lake, in the VOICE of June 15th; and oh, I do so hope I may receive others. I think it will be the means of doing much good, as it is the first communication that has ever been received in this place. A number of people have been in to see it already, as Mr. Lake was a man that was well known in this place.

S. M. LAKE.

PRODUCTIONS are now possible which are of no value, without being bad; good for nothing because they have no intrinsic worth; not bad, because a general form of a good pattern hovers before the author.

THE required step must be taken to reach the goal, though a precipice be the result. Work must be done and the result left to God.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF M. T. SHELFHAMER.

Callie Davis; Mrs. S. Avery; Anna Kingman; Clark O. Wallace; Peace Hazard; Ernest Handel; Mamie Emerson; Rosie P. Collings; Georgie King; Eva May Clark.

THROUGH C. E. WINANS.

Nancy Ann Gudgeon; Hattie Benton; Walter Benton.

THROUGH DR. O.

Robert Hare.

THROUGH "WEST INGLE."

Polly Bettis; Polly Winchell; Willie Adams; Ellen Buel; Caleb Hutchins.

"TUNIE" FUND.

We have been requested by the Band controlling the destiny of this paper to call upon those of our patrons who are able, to contribute to a fund for sending the VOICE OF ANGELS free to those unable to pay for it. To any and all our patrons who can send any amount, if ever so small, for the above purpose, we will credit the amount they may send, in the next issue of the paper.

Since our last, we have received the following donations to the "Tunie" Fund:

A Friend,	\$1.00
Mrs. Emma L. Roundy,	0.20
A Friend to Humanity, W. Pittsfield, Mass.,	1.00
A. D. Sellers, Jefferson City, Mo.,	0.35
A. W. Parker, Janesville, Wis.,	0.35
J. H. Rotner, Decorah, Iowa,	0.25
Helen Whitting, Stratford, Conn.,	0.35
Lucretia L. McKenzie, Coe Ridge, Ohio,	0.35
Miss Myra S. Barlow, Granville Corners, Mass.,	0.35

SPIRITUALISTS' CAMP-MEETING.

THE SPIRITUALISTS OF PHILADELPHIA will hold a CAMP-MEETING, commencing July 15, and continuing four successive weeks, at NESHAMINY FALLS GROVE, Willet's Station, eighteen miles from Philadelphia, and about seventy miles from New York.

Arrangements have been made with the Reading Railroad Company to stop all trains at Willet's Station, distant from the camp grounds about fifty yards, at the low fare of fifty-five cents for the round trip from Philadelphia; children over five years and under twelve at half rates. Also, special rates of fare have been agreed upon from all stations on the various railroads controlled by the Reading Railroad Company.

We hope to complete arrangements with all the railroads leading to Philadelphia at special rates, so that our friends and truth-seekers generally may be able to attend our meeting at a low rate of transportation.

The Neshaminy Falls Grove contains twenty acres. The station is within fifty yards of the ground. A beautiful stream of water, called Silver Lake, is immediately adjoining the Grove, with twenty-four new row-boats, and fifteen patent self-acting swings.

Three springs of excellent water are on the grounds. The Grove is densely shaded with thrifty oaks and maples. The cool breezes from the cross-ways impart fresh and invigorating air, thus rendering it one of the choice places of resort so much sought for during the heat of midsummer. Vocal and instrumental music will be provided during the meeting.

There is a large pavilion erected, sixty-four by forty feet; also, an ice-house full of ice, and other improvements already upon the grounds. Other additional improvements are being made, together with tents, so that sojourners shall be properly cared for, at a low rate of board.

Persons wanting tents must make immediate application to the Executive Committee, and persons who propose to furnish their own tents will please make known that fact to said Committee.

Speakers will occupy the rostrum daily, mornings, afternoons and evenings. Mediums for different phases of manifestations will be present, who will furnish evidence of Spirit-control.

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